

CHICAGO—MALE MONOLOGUES
Please read them ALL for role consideration.

Amos Hart

I'm telling you, that's the truth. My wife has nothing to do with it. She won't hurt a worm. Not even a worm. Until I fired the first shot, then she opened her eyes. She was somehow asleep. Sleeping like an angel. When I think of what would have happened if I went off for a beer with the guys instead of coming straight home, it makes me sick even to think about it...

Amos Hart part 2

I'm the father! Papa! Dada! Did you hear me? Did you? (To the band) No, you didn't hear me. (To the audience) That's the story of my life. Nobody ever knows I'm around. Nobody. Not even my parents noticed me. One day I went to school and when I came home, they moved.

Billy Flynn

Now the first thing we got to do is go after sympathy from the press. So pipe down on the swearin'. From now on nothing rougher than "Oh dear." Get it? They're not all pushovers like that Mary Sunshine. Chicago is a tough town. It's gotten so tough that they shoot the girls right out from under you. But there's one thing that they can never resist and that's a reformed sinner. So I've decided to rewrite the story of your life. "From Convent to Jail!" Are you listening?